JOHN NEEDHAM, OF NEW ALBANY.

Four Years with Col. Kit Carson on the Indian Trail in New Mexico -Perilous Adventures.

retired Indian fighter that he bears in face | twice'-a vivid description of the startling and person no characteristic marks of past surprise conveyed by the explosive shell. danger and excitement. Not one human nature student in a million would ever discover in Dr. Hugh John Needham, of New Albany, Ind., a homeopathic physician and man of serene exterior and quiet manner, any indications pointing back to his onetime participation in all the stirring scenes of Indian warfare. For more than thirtyfive years Dr. Needham has led an unperturbed existence in this city, but in all that days in New Mexico and Arizona has not lansed an jota in faithful and vivid interest. Of English parentage and enterprising spirit, this young man, at the beginning of the civil war but nineteen years old, was seeking fortune in the mines of Colorado. The declaration of hostilities between North and South gave a different impetus to the zest for adventure which had led him to the far West, and in 1862, at Parkville, Col., he enlisted under Capt. Charles Deus in Company M, New Mexico Volunteers, commanded by Col. Christopher Carson-none | diers and five Utes were killed; on the other other than the noted "Kit Carson," of frontier prowess and renown. At that time, Dr. Needham relates, the famous Indian fighter | train, ten miles in the rear, fighting every and trapper was about fifty-six years old, of short stature, sturdy build and not at all eran Indian fighter. He was not in any ordinary sense a remarkable man-not at all a military tactician-and could not maneuvthe Indian trail, and, in the opinion of his regiment, could take fifty men and go through the worst Indian country in the er troops, but he was altogether fearless on world. By his soldiers he was regarded with devotion; they knew him to be a wholesouled man, always kind and courteous, as well as cautiously considerate of their welfirst rendezvous of Kit Carson's

regiment was held at La Castillo, N. M. and it was mustered into service in October, 862, at Fort Garland, near the old Indian garrison Fort Massachusetts. With the pening of the civil war the Navajos had fordes on New Mexican settlements, slaying the settlers, burning their homes and lriving off their sheep and goats. Colonel Carson's troops, therefore, were soon ordered to the Navajo country, in the region of the Wasach mountains, north of Fort Defiance, afterwards Fort Canby, with in-structions to subdue the troublesome red

CARSON'S POLICY. At this time full subjection of the Navajos had never been achieved, although General Sumner and General Canby had made strenuous efforts towards that end. The policy of Col. Kit Carson's campaign was to kill as few Indians as possible, but to scout in details, find their camps, destroy their crops, capture as many as feasible and send them under guard to the regimental headquarters at Fort Defiance. From this point, as they accumulated to the number of 1,000, the Indians were transferred to the government reservation near Fort Sumner, on the Pecos river, in east-

A campaign against the Navajos was in no sense a "feather-bed war." In addition to the horses and field and staff mules, twenty-four pack mules were allowed to each company, thirty days' rations being carried on scouting expeditions. No tents were allowed. Indian fighters often not see-Rations consisted of bacon, dessicated potatoes, flour, coffee, tea, salt and pepper. When at the forts fish or canned meats could be had, but on the trail this luxury was furnished only by the occasional capture of sheep and goats from the Indians. their own simple bread in mess pans covered with hot coals, or in ruder fashion on flat rocks under which a fire was built. No came was found in the Navajo country, as tribe, raising corn, wheat and frijoles, or Water was a scarce article in that region, troops having often to ride from twenty-four to thirty-six hours before findng it in sufficient quantity. On finding Colonel Carson would order a halt, the animals would be watered, supper cooked, canteens filled and then the commander would select with great care a site or the night's encampment, never allowing his men to camp near timber, but moving back near the hills as the safest position against midnight surprise from the Indians. After a day's hard riding pine trees from seventy-five to one hundred feet high often have to be felled before a fire could be made for supper. Sometimes the men would have to melt snow to get a place n which to lie; then, with rifles under them, rolled in army blanket or rubber blanket, with their heads on their saddles, they would sink into slumber, liable in an hour, perhaps, to be aroused to powder and shot realities by the wild yelling of the aggressive Navajo. The Indians were generally bodies of fifty, and were equipped with bow and arrow and a few stolen squirrel rifles, but they made up in craft and savagery what was lacking in When a Navajo camp was found their fields would be destroyed and fed to the animals in the scouting party, the inention being to force the Navajos to surrender. Squaws and children were taken prisoners and delivered at Fort Defiance. With great zeal Colonel Carson's men scouted in the Navajo country during the summer and winter of 1863, and the results were that during the fall and winter, having nothing to eat but a few sheep and roats, the Indians abandoned the conquest of the United States and came into Fort Defiance and Fort Wingate, in northwestern New Mexico, in disorganized bodies of all sizes, surrendering to government pro-

THE UNATTRACTIVE NAVAJO. Between the Indian rigged up in beads, buckskin and feathers, for a tribal powwow or ceremonious dance, and the Indian of the warpath, as pictured by Dr. Needham, a wide difference exists. War paint and breech cloth constituted the red man's garb for combat with the more heavily accoutred pale faces. The Navajo Indian is of medium size, tall ones being exceptional. As a rule, he is never fleshy, and never still a moment, being excessively restless. He is always dirty; give him a shirt, he dons it at once, and wears it until it drops from his body in black rags. Few Indians wear beards or whiskers; in observation of twenty-eight tribes but two red men with hair on their faces were noted. These were Navajo chiefs; one wore a small goatee and large mustache, the other an imperial and small mustache; and they were known, respectively, in their wigwam social circles as "Whiskers" and "Little Whiskers." Among Indians the strongest tribal badge is the moccasin, each tribe having its own pecultar model for constructing this primitive ootwear. These modes are strictly adhered to, and the Indian recognizes his friends and enemies of other tribes by their characteristic foot prints on the soil. The every-day moccasin has no decoration or head work, being a simple foot covering of anned deer or antelope skin, with a rawhide sole, sewed and laced with sinew. After Colonel Carson's campaign among the Navajos, in many exciting and nteresting chapters, a thrilling experience in Indian service participate. In by our In-diana Carson soldier, was a change made in November, 1864, from Fort Bascom, eastern New Mexico, across the "panhandle" rexas, against aggressive Klowas and Comanches. Colonel Kit Carson was in command and Major Wm. McCleave, a regular Irish fighter, second only to Carson in skill and prowess among the Indians, was second command; the troops consisting of 275 enlisted men of the First Cavalry, New Mexican volunteers, First Cavalry California Volunteers and First Veteran Infantry California Volunteers, together with ntain howitzers, in charge of Captain. Pettis, First Veteran Infantry California clunteers. The third day out from the ort, near Palo Duro creek, Kit Carson said

dians out. Two miles down stream the command came upon a band of 1,500 to 2,000 Kiowas and Comanches in camp. The hills and valleys were covered with cattle and stock as the troops sighted the camp, but in fifteen minutes not a hoof was to be seen, the squaws having driven off the cattle and the bucks having mounted the

SOME LIVELY FIGHTING.

Colonel Carson and his men charged the village-charge after charge-which the Indians returned in good military style. Meanwhile Captain Pettis and battery arrived, mounted on a knoll, and opened fire with shell. 'At this the Kiowas and Comanches retreated, with the announced verdict It is doubtless well for the peace of the | that they "couldn't stand a gun which shoots

On the retreat of the Indians Carson's men were withdrawn to the river, half a mile away, and allowed to get breakfast. Before the coffee was ready to drink, however, the yelling Indians charged again; and Colonel Carson deployed half his men as skirmishers, while the other half ate their breakfast: they, in turn, relieving the skir-mishers, firing on both sides going on all the time. Dr. Needham describes breakfast garnished with Comanche war whoops as not quite the most composing diet known to his experience. After breakfast all of the horses were sent to the rear and the soldiers fought lying down in sand over shoetop deep from 9 o'clock until 12, the Indians remaining mounted, fighting in three reserves. About 12 o'clock the red men fired the grass to burn out the soldlers or to make smoke so they could run into it and shoot under its cover. A back fire was orby Kit Carson, and as soon as it reached the horses they were again moved to the rear. After this the men lay on the hot ground, still fighting. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon a hot hand-to-hand fight occurred between a mounted detachment of the First California Cavalry, their thirty Ute Indian guides and the Klowas and Comanches. In this engagement three solside, loss unknown, but the Indians were temporarily routed. As ammunition was getting short a retreat was ordered to the the train was reached and a welcome reinforcement of 100 fresh men. A night attack this campaign but few of Carson's men were killed, while many Kiowas and Comanches dropped and were carried off. In all Indian warfare, Dr. Needham holds, two conditions contribute to the peril and the exhilaration: the crafty, tricky nature of the Indian, and the rugged character of the country over which he has to be purcept in case of ambush, the government losses were not heavy, soldiers being good marksmen and the Indians inferior shooters. To fight Indians with any degree of success, however, the white man has to meet them on their own rules of etiquette-creep, skulk, hide and otherwise "play Indian." THE CANYON DUCHESNE

During the campaign with the Navajos detachment of 200 picked men from Colone Carson's regiment, under Capt. Albert H. Pfeiffer, of Company H-a famous Indian fighter and scout, and a man whose company of Mexicans had once mutinied, shooting him almost to pieces-was detailed to accomplish what was jocosely known as "the cleaning out of Canyon Duchesne." This famous canyon, then the hotbed of the Navajo tribe, was about three miles long, 200 to 300 feet wide, lying between Fort Defiance and the Wasach mountains. A shallow stream coursed through the center of the canyon, and its perpendicular cliffs of red sandstone, from 1.000 to 1,200 feet high, seemed almost to come together at the top so narrow was the strip of blue sky which could be seen by looking upward. In the walls of these sheer cliffs were the caves of the Navajos, hollowed in the rock, and reached only by rude steps made in the face of the picturesque sandstone. It was November, and snow was on the ground when the soldiers entered the canyon, with Instructions to discipline the swarming Indians in their inaccessible strongholds. canyon was impassible to horses. Two 'jackass batteries," or small cannon mounted on mule saddles constructed for that purpose, constituted the artillery backing the infantry. The detail was to enter at the head of the canyon and meet the rest of the regiment at the other end. They were at once attacked by the Navajos, who fired upon them from the sides and tops of the cliffs. The Kit Carson men returned the salute in kind, assisted by the batteries, and the "gun music," Dr. Needham avers supplemented by the Navajo yells and the noise of the rocks which they rolled down yond imagination. A battery shell fired into one of the caves killed, it was afterward learned, fifty or sixty Indians, one squaw being the sole survivor. Carson's soldiers made the passage of Canyon Duchesne with but the loss of one man, three being woundmany bullets had hit, firing from the bottom being necessarily inaccurate. This Navajo engagement, while complete in all exciting and dangerous elements of Indian warfare, was not considered a military success, and

In the winter of 1862, when Fort Sumner was newly established, Company M, of Carson's command, was a part of the garrison. the fort was really nothing more than and the soldiers living in tents. The cavalry troops were occupied in scouting to protect the fort from Indian surprises, and at weeks against a reported approach of the Texas Rangers via the Lluna Estaccada numerous dashes were made to the Texan border to guard against unheralded attacks from that quarter. No sutler's store was ye in operation at the camp, and in January or February the supply of tobacco gave out As officers and men used a goodly quantity of this chief solace of the Western so diers, the situation was disturbing. Officers irritable and men as cross as they dared be, with tobacco no nearer than Fort Stanton, 125 miles distant in the Capitan mountains, the wild country between being thickly infested by Apaches and Musculares, both known as "bad citizens." A TOBACCO EXPEDITION.

the regiment returned to the fort. Canyon

Duchesne had been previously raided by

General Sumner, with equally unsatisfactory

In March, 1863, Captain Updegraff, commanding officer, decided to send some dispatches to Fort Stanton, and at the same time obtain tobacco. Captain Deus, of Company M, was instructed to detail three men for the trip, and Lieut. Hugh J. Needham, with two Mexicans as guides, left the fort on the hazardous errand at 3 o'clock in the afternoon with two pack animals in charge. Fifteen miles were made before camping the first night, only the howls of wolves disturbing the stillness. The next day fifty miles were safely covered and a water hole reached just at nightfall. Fresh pony tracks not more than an hour or two old were there discovered, and fighting time seemed desperately near at hand. Little sleep visited the men that night. After an early morning start-not in the blithest spirits, three men being small odds against a possible fifty or seventy-five Apache bucks-the little expedition ascended a knoll, or mesa. to spy with relief a drove of wild mustangs. nnocent perpetrators of the alarming fresh pony tracks seen the night before. Fort Stanton was reached the next day, and the tobacco relief party, with the precious weed in store, was escorted back to Fort Sumner by a small detachment of Company E, First Cavalry, New Mexican Volunteers. A party of citizens was murdered by the Apaches on this trail to Fort Stanton shortly after Lieutenant Needham and the Mexicans had made the trip described. Colonel Carson's regiment in August, 1863 had been in camp near the Zuni villages and was on the way to Little Colorado

river, in the Apache country. The first watering place, half way between the vil-lages and the river, is known as "Jacob's This remarkable well is a clear pool of water-depth unknown, said to be running water-situated at the bottom of a big hole in the ground one hundred feet in diameter, sloping to a space about thirty-five feet in diameter. The well is visited in single file by a narrow trail down the side of the grassy brink. Carson's men had had two long days' travel over the journada. or prairie, without water, men and horses alike, and had been on the trail part of the previous night. When camp was ordered after Jacob's well was reached at 9 o'clock Kit Carson was not to be found. In much alarm a party of soldiers started out to find their missing colonel. They followed his horse's tracks five or six miles and finally came up with him. The vigilant and fearless Indian fighter was discovered with his

As a student of the Indian in reservation life as observed at that time near Fort Sumner, where there were from 10,000 to 12,000 Apaches and Navajos, Dr. Needham to Major McCleave: "We shall have Indian fighting to-morrow." "How do you know?" casked McCleave, no Indian trails yet being wisible. "I smell 'em," was the veteran Indian scout's reply. Next morning at 4 inveterate gambler. When the Indian drew o'clock, after a day and night's travel of thirty-five or forty miles an Indian picket. asked McCleave, no Indian trails who with a masculine with the same with

head on the pommel of his saddle sound

When Carson's men were at Fort Sumner 4,000 acres of land were under cultivation there for the benefit of the Indians, the soldiers, however, doing the labor, the reservation Indians being too hazy to till the ground for themselves. For convenience in issuing rations to the Indians, square tin tags, stamped by a metal die representing a horse's head, were made of old canned beef tin and distributed to the Apaches Navajos at the heads of families on reservation. The noble red man se cured old tin and counterfeited these tags so perfectly that the bogus tags were not iscovered for a long time, thus securing to himself extra quantities of rations. To circumvent this trickery brass tags were ordered from the States for government

THEIR MANUAL SKILL As artificers in metal the reservation Indians were remarkably skillful. A Nayajo would take a silver half-dollar, beat it it out as thin as a wafer, bend it into a shallow cup, engrave it with rude tools in various curious signs and symbols, solder to its convex side an eyelet, and then fasten it as an ornament on his pony's headgear with great satisfaction. The much-admired Navajo blanket Dr. Needham describes as being woven in the simplest fashion imaginable. Wherever a Navajo can put sticks up in the ground he can begin to weave a blanket. He clips the wool from his sheep, colors it with his own dyes, and as he weaves rolls the blanket up on a stick which hangs from the rude loom on which the work is done. Among the Navajoes the bucks knit and the most of the weaving is done by the squaws. When purchased direct from the Navajoes nearly all of these brilliant blankets were vermin-infested, but the experienced purchaser found it an easy matter to place the blanket over a Mexican ant hill, where the industrious ant made short work of all foreign invaders Kit Carson was twice married, his firs wife being a Ute squaw; his second marriage was with a Mexican woman. Of this marriage one son was born and during the

civil war this son was United States marshal at Taos, New Mexico. The last time inch of the ground. At 10 o'clock at night | Dr. Needham saw Colonel Carson was in October, 1866, at Maxwell's ranch, on the forcement of 100 fresh men. A night attack | Raton river, southeast of Fort Union, on was expected, but it did not occur, and, next | the old California trail. He was then quite morning, not an Indian was to be seen. In | ill and not expected to live, but did live until 1867, when he died at Fort Lyon, en route to Fort Harker. In 1866 he was brevetted brigadier general of volunteers, and was immensely proud of the glory of a star on his shoulder. While he could speak Spanish like a Mexican and knew many Indian tongues, he never forgot his broad, native Kentucky dialect, and said "bar" for 'bear" to the end of his days. When the civil war ended and Hugh John him before he catches the red warrior. Ex- had received an arrow wound, a gunshot wound and a commission as lieutenant Since that time an occasional small, exclusive but spirited "Kit Carson campfire" has been held in New Albany; Mr. John Ritter, of Valparaiso, treasurer of Porter county,

> Colonel Kit Carson New Albany, June 9.

being the only other Indians man who was in the first New Mexican Volunteers under

OUR SOLDIERS IN LUZON.

Stirring Picture of Their Spirit and Bearing in the Stress of War.

Springfield Republican.

Here is a private letter written to a New England man by a member of Battery A Utah Light Artillery, United States Volunteers. It comes from the convalescent hospital, Corregidor island, Philippine islands, under date of April 9. There is in it a revelation of the spirit and quality of the volunteer soldiers of the United States that will move every reader. No army in the world contains better material than this country has sent to fight this war in the distant East. We quote: Dear Ralph-A letter written in such kind

generous words as yours, and breathing so oyal and earnest a spirit would have touched me deeply at any time, anywhere but to-day with bodily weakness, in this far country, with the sound of battle hardly yet died away, it con.es with a peculiar force. You have been very gracious, Ralph. Through the years you have been very mindful of the good you found in others, and in your charity overlooked all else. You have struggled hard yourself-I saw the beginning of it in the --- days-you have fully getting up somewhere near your work. another. It is your heart-offering, and as alone, but as your tribute to the whole Eighth Army Corps-to those men who on the Manila roads and in the Luzon rice fields fought a desperate fight, asking no whys or wherefores; who shook out the old flag further from home than it had ever been before, performing a thankless duty, knowing full well the reward: The blame of those ye better;

The hate of those ye guard. You say you are proud of being an American. How well I know your patriotism and enthusiasm of old. It was not mere soldiery out here; it was incarnate American-

Sweep all these regiments away, and at random, blindly, you could have gathered the same sort, the same spirits, in any State in the Union. Not picked-common, everyday sort of boys, with no peculiar virtue over others. It was simply theirs to have a privilege and opportunity that other men, at home, often by force of circumstances,

I would like to draw those men for you not as individuals, but as a type, a kind of composite. It would be from my recollection of many regiments as I saw them come into action, but I have no fitting words. stroyed by a mere glimpse of him as he was-a gray slouch hat shading the grimy, sweat-streaked face, a dark blue flanne shirt and web cartridge belt, greasy field pants and dirt-brown leggins. I would draw him when the first nervous flush had passed away, when the face grew

stoic, rigid and set, when the click-clack of gunlocks became a clear, steady undertone amid all the deeper din, when he threw the long Springfield up with a grim smile and became indifferent to all things save

All hell couldn't conquer him then. mention the infantryman-he would perhaps best serve as a type, for, as always, he formed the bulk of the army; he made up the long, thin skirmish lines that swayed forward, flopped and crouched and laid down to escape the terrific fire, leaped, rushed, fell, leaped again, forward, sometimes slowly and doggedly-always surely. If, however, my personal experiences and the thought of comrades were to influence me I would more readily select an artillery man for portrayal, not that he was always nearest at hand, for at the crisis of the battle of Feb. 5 infantrymen were lying in the road dust at our very gun wheels, but the battery boys were the ones I knew best. with shirt sleeves rolled to the elbow and skin blackened with powder, looking half flend and half man. Death was among them at the start. A man calmly hands a shrapnel to the gunner and on the instant falls face forward, he is rolled over, a pallor is on the face, a blood blotch on the forehead -dead, so quickly does the call come to

clutches at his breast. "Are you hit, John?" 'Only a fleshwound," he answers, and dies after a whole day of pain-so do some men suffer. A cannoneer steps aside, unbuttons his shirt, sees where a Mauser has made a red furrow across the chest, laughs and returns to his post-so close do some men come and escape. I have seen many make the last sacrifice, and sometimes, looking down into a familiar face, have for the moment felt that glory was a hideous thing, and yet, Ralph, it is a great privilege to have seen men die so. The memory of it will make one stronger and better. You are, of course, interested in knowing what part of the field I was on. I served on one of he two Nordenfelt guns that took the San Juan bridge and held open the road to the water works. It was one of the hell spots. The First Nebraska Infantry supported us splendid, resolute fellows they were. Utah and Nebraska went up the slope together, took the Deposito and rested that nightthe extreme advance. On the next afternoon they captured the pumping station and went into camp. The day after I was one of the many victims of sunstroke, and was taken back to the division hospital. Went back to battery, and after three weeks' desultory fighting had a relapse, was again taken back to Manila, and thence down here to Corregidor, where the sea breeze and salt air promise to do more than medi-

It is a pleasant thought that just at this time, after an interval of years, a letter should come from one who knew me in student days. You say our ways focused once. Yes, and you received your best inspiration from that same heroic man who touched my life more deeply than any other man has done. To have known him at the same

THAT FAMOUS MANEUVER

THE FACTS CONCERNING THE "LOOP" MADE BY WAR SHIP BROOKLYN.

All the Reliable Testimony Shows that It Was Nicely and Skillfully Made-Schley Above Calumny.

New York Times. The truth of history is all that an impartial world cares to hear about the famous loop made by the Brooklyn as she wore around to starboard in the beginning of the Santiago fight. It was a useful, proper and necessary evolution, perfectly justified by the result. No discredit can be made to attach to anybody on account of it. Malevolence and calumny are powerless to harm reputation when the known facts, repeatedly presented on high and unimpeachable authority, offer no basis for just criticism. The Bureau of Navigation having attempted with great precipitation to destroy the value of testimony recently published which seemed too favorable to Admirable Schley, we think it will be well, before baffled detraction rallies itself for a fresh attack, to set forth the facts about the loop of the Brooklyn, as they have been made known in official reports and authoritative publica-At the moment the Maria Teresa poked

her nose out of Santiago harbor at 9:30 on the morning of July 3 the American ships were lying in a semi-circle about the mouth of the harbor, at distances ranging from two and one-half to four miles, in the blockading formation ordered by the commanderin-chief, now Admiral Sampson. The Brooklyn lay in the western half of the semi-circle, immediately west of the Texas, and nearer the shore, which was about two miles distant. Captain Cook, of the Brook-lyn, in his report, tells how his ship was handled in the first moments of the engagement: "We opened fire on the leading ship in five minutes from discovery. The port battery was first engaged as we stood with port helm to head off the leading ship, and giving them a raking fire at about 1,500 yards' range. The enemy turned to the westward shore to the westward. \* \* \* The Vixen, which had been to the westward of us on the blockade, ran to the southward and eastward of us, and kept for some time off our port side distant about 1,000 yards, evi-

dently intending to guard against torpedo attack upon this ship." HARLOW'S TESTIMONY. Lieutenant Harlow, the executive officer of the Vixen, appended to his report to his commander a copy of notes taken during the engagement, from which we quote:

"At about 10:05 the Brooklyn began to turn with port helm and made a complete turn to the eastward, coming around so that when again heading west the two leading enemy's ships bore well on her starboard bow and the Colon on her starboard quarter. For the next fifteen minutes the Brooklyn sustained and returned the fire of the two leading ships, with an occasional shot In his contribution to the Century Maga-zine's series of articles "The Story of the

Captains," published in the May number of the magazine, Captain Cook says: "The enemy turned to the westward and close in to the land. The Brooklyn was turning rapidly with port helm, and con tinued to turn, firing all the time with the port battery, and following around until the starboard battery was brought into action. Our 'tumbling in' sides enabled us to maintain a continual fire while turning.' We come now to the vivid account of this incident given by Captain Philip, of the Texas, now rear admiral in command at the Brooklyn navy yard:

"As the Texas veered westward the Brooklyn was plowing up the waters at a great rate in a course almost due north, direct for mile away from the Texas. The smoke from our guns began to hang so heavily and densely over the ship that for a few minutes we could see nothing. We might as well have had a blanket tied over our heads Suddenly a whiff of breeze and a lull in the firing lifted the pall, and there, bearing toward us and across our bows, turning on her port helm, with big waves curling over her bows and great clouds of black smoke pouring from her funnels, was the Brooklyn. She looked as big as half a dozen Great Easterns, and seemed so near that it took our breath away. 'Back both engines hard!' went down the tube to the astonished en-gineers, and in a twinkling the old ship was racing against herself. The collision which seemed almost imminent, even if it was not past all of us on the bridge gave a sigh of relief. Had the Brooklyn struck us then it would probably have been an end of the Texas and her half thousand men. Had the Texas rammed the Brooklyn it would have been equally disastrous, for the Texas was not built for ramming, and she would have doubled up like a hoop. Few of our ship's company knew of the incident."

LORD BRASSEY'S OPINION. suggestion that the Brooklyn was handled in a way to make her fire less effective against the enemy. The only criticism is that to be inferred from Captain Philips's narrative, that the turn put the Texas in danger. Lord Brassey, in his Naval Annual, just issued, a perfectly impartial authority, apparently, have entailed difficulties on the Texas, then heading westward." He has no criticism to offer. He simply says that by this circle the Brooklyn "brought her starboard battery into action. We now give Admiral Schley's account of

the maneauvre and the reason for it, taken from his statement to the Senate committee "The rapidity with which the Brooklyn approached the head of the Spanish column coming westward under high speed, and changing course more to westward, brought the Brooklyn heading eastward to meet it into a position where she would have blanketed the fire of the eastern vessels of our force, now changing their courses to the westward, and between them and the Spanish vessels. Instant decision was, therefore, necessary to avoid interfering in any way or cutting off any of the fire of our vessels as would have occurred if she had turned toward the Spanish fleet now approaching the Brooklyn. Turning outward left the enemy's ships unmasked by the Brooklyn, and exposed them to the concentrated fire of our squadron, now changing its course to the west. The result of this manoeuvre was that, in thirty minutes from the opening of the combat, four of the enemy's ves-sels were on fire and riddled with projectiles. Two torpedo boats were destroyed one reached the beach about three miles from the mouth of the harbor; the Teresa and Oquendo were beached about six miles

"This turn of the Brooklyn in the battle of July 3 was the crucial and deciding feature of that combat. If the advantage gained by the Brooklyn's turn outward to permit the concentrated fire of our squadron upon the enemy without interruption had been surrendered to a turn made inward that would have interfered with this fire so imperatively necessary at this vital moment, and the results might have been quite

"Viewing the situation from my position on a platform built around the conning tower, with unobstructed observation of the ships of both fleets, there was no question in my mind that the results of the battle were aided largely by this maneuver of the Brooklyn at that decisive moment."

A NECESSARY TURN. Any fair-minded person who examines the chart of the positions of the vessels of the two fleets during the engagement will see at once that the turn of the Brooklyn was necessary to get her out of the way of the fire of the other American vessels. The Texas, Iowa, Indiana and Oregon in their second positions, at the moment the turn was executed, were in such relation to the fight that as the Spaniards sped westward their fire would have been for some time cut off by the Brooklyn had she turned to port instead of starboard. We find proof of the wisdom of Schley's tactics in the report of Captain Philip, who officially said nothing about the turn of the Brooklyn, but did have this pertinent observation to make about another ship

"While warmly engaged with the third in line, which was abreast and engaging the Texas, our fire was blanketed for a short

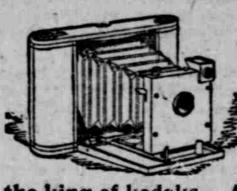
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ly all the time, and inasmuch as the official her neighbor with an exciting narrative of diagrams and reports show that the Brooklyn was hit by Spanish projectiles oftener than all the other ships of the fleet put together, and that she hit the Spaniards with more big projectiles than all the other ships I am the spirit that denies, Yes, and with full-regarding eyes of the fleet together, it would appear that the persons who make this base charge have been so blinded by hate and spite that they cannot see, although everybody else sees, the absolute worthlessness of their

The Times thinks the loop of the Brook lyn can stand on its merits. Admiral Schley needs no defenders as to that part of his distinguished and flawless career. The loop being justified, the conversation that took place when the order for it was given becomes a matter of mighty small consequence. The version published by Schley's enemies is shown to have been manufactured and false. The admiral need no longer concern himself about it. Let Mr. Heilner and Mr. Hodgson wrangle Admiral Schley is above and beyond the

theory of the loop as an evidence of mis-

reach of the gadflies who are buzzing around so viciously. His Western trip showed what the American people think of him and of his services to his country. The President knows. He is not likely to make any mistake about Schley.

She'll Report Him. Detroit Free Press. This postman has a long route in the Piet

Hill district and the lively correspondence carried on from that section makes it neces sary for him to call at almost every door. He was handling his forenoon delivery at his best speed the other day when a novel interruption occurred. He had handed a etter to the woman of the house and was hurrying on his way when she ran excitedly to the sidewalk and hailed him. "Hi, there! she shouted. "Come back, please, I want to talk with you. That was a very important etter you gave me," as he approache "and I must answer it at once. Just si down here on this side porch and wait, won" you? It'll not take me more than fifteen

"I'd like to accommodate you, madam, bu "Just you do as I tell you," recalling how she had heard her bushand talk on occasions. "I'd like to know what we pay taxes for. I can get through in ten minutes."
"But it would be liable to lose me my

what she had done and was going to do.

Comprehending the facts of earth's sorrow an

That takes man's face in two palms soft, And looks deep into its brow and oft, And finds the good it has longed to find, And denies there is anything hidden behind This earth to be no more Paradise.

I deny that Cod walks not with men. I have met Him at even and talked with Him deny that of love there is ever a lack, For I've felt His sun-arm across my back As I wandered at spring-time into the land, And talked with the dogwood hand in hand am the spirit that denies

Straight into your face, straight into your eyes, Wise Age, that for all your wisdom and gain You are nobler for noticing every stain. I deny that one cannot race on through earth's And come out healthy and clean and sweet. I deny that God's path is so overgrown That a child could not toddle straight to Him

am the spirit that denies Any fear of the earth or the seas or the skies: That fronts the Unknown with forehead calm And gathers Life's reins with my soft, wet pain I learn a verse from the Bible by heart And well provided with love, I start, And deny that heaven is so far away That I cannot reach it at close of day.

-Alice Archer Sewall. TWENTY-FOUR OUT OF TWENTY The Unequaled Performance of a Civ-Il-Service Candidate.

"I think the lucklest man I ever heard was examined here along last spring," an old clerk in the civil-service commis in a group of official reformers at the civil-service building the other day. "He was from one of the big towns in central Illi-nois and had worked for several years in a rolling mill. He was a big, brawny, hand-some fellow, and I liked his looks from the first. When I am working around these examinations I always pick out my favorites and keep track of them to see if they are

got of the profits,' and that the cube roo of 729 was that number multiplied by itself several times. But it was in spelling he surpassed even himself. He had twenty words. They were given out for all to write down, and the applicants were permitted to rewrite them as they thought was correct. I saw my fellow sweating and working like a beaver to keep up and get them all down, and when I got his spelling paper I had to copy his list and carry the copy in my pocketbook. Here it is:

" Speling Exircice. "'Aperl Foreth, 1898. Booy (Buoy) Exillirate Doseve (Deceive) Orgunnize Hidrawlic Anthrysite Purfurate Prelimonery Salution Backterea Nesesry Auntesedent Publicasion Fulmenate Sellebrate Redemsion Ventalation Purambullate Emansippation

"The young fellow had missed twenty four words out of twenty, and he worked harder over it than anybody else there that day. It was genuine work, too. Of course, his hopes were dashed to the ground and he had a good deal of rough talk to let off about the civil-service humbug. I suppose he must have received a good deal of consolation from his congressman, for it was not long after the trouble with Spain broke out that I noticed my young fellow was commissioned a lieutenant in an Illinois regiment, and he is now in Manila. From all accounts, he makes a good officer and

Value of Solomon's Temple. W. E. Curtis, in Chicago Record.

is likely to rise."

A biblical student in this city declares that if the descriptions of Solomon's temple are accurately given in the Bible and by secular authorities the total value of that edifice and its contents must have exceeded \$50. 000,000,000. In the first place, the value of the materials in the rough is estimated at \$12,500,000,000, and the labor at \$3,000,000,000 According to Villalpandis, 10,000 men were engaged in dressing cedar lumber, 80,00 were engaged in cutting stone and 60,000 in bearing burdens, for a period of seven years, who, in addition to their wages, received 50 cents a day for food. According to the same authority, which is corroborated by Josephus, the vessels of gold were valued at 140,000 talents, which, reduced to American money, is equal to \$2,326,481,015. The vessels of silver are calculated at \$3,281,715,-000, the vestments of the priests and the robes of the singers \$10,050,000 and the value of the trumpets of gold was \$1,000,000.

It turns out that the French had a coffin and embalming drugs already prepared for Dreyfus. His sudden death, it will be seen, could have been arranged at any time that became advisable.